

HASHIMURA TOGO

DOMESTIC SCIENTIST
BY WALLACE IRWIN
TOGO BECOMES A FIRE HERO

Hon. Dear Sir: Another place where I am habitually absent can be found at home of Hon. Mrs. & Mr. Susan J. Fogg, Turnverein, Conn. I was burnt away from that place because of my heroism. I tell you how was:

This Mrs. Fogg lady reside with her husband and furniture in a residence, which are covered with extremely wooden decorations, which talented sculptors have cut out with saws. She say it is one Queen Annie house. Perhaps so it is. Maybe this Annie were empress of Coney Island to build such merry architecture.

Hon. Mrs. Fogs are considerable proud of her house & what is inside. "Togo," she other with serious eyebrows, "there is not one drop of fire insurance on this house!"

So Hon. Mrs. Fogg donate to me one smallish volume of book entitled "First Ade to Fires." This literature which is bound in 4th of July color, tell me following information about fire when he gets loose:

"Chimbleys are most dangerous articles to have around a house because they gets clogged with soot, thus causing inflammation of the roof which creates blazes and burns insurance. Total loss. Best way to put out a mad chimney is to sprinkle salt down him until he quits."

"In case of housefire, human folks must be saved before all other furniture, because they are most combustible. This can be did by throwing wet blanket over them and dragging them forth. Valuable heirlooms can be saved from burning house by taking them out."

I read this instructions, Mr. Editor, and feel prepared for anything. This Mrs. Fogg got one Irish cockle name of Hilda Katz. Hon. Hilda are beautiful, except her face and figure, which are not. She enjoy very sorry romance, because of Hon. Wm. a hackdriver, who drove away with another fiancée and remain there. Consequent of this, Hon. Hilda weep & cook nearly all time.

"Togo," she report to me, while making tears and pies, "never promise to marry any gentleman in the fiery stable business."

"I shall avoid this peril firmly," I narrate.

"67 doz. assorted love-letters this Wm. sent me. And what usefulness are they now?" Weeps by her.

"They might make a sad novel, if printed among pictures," I say so.

She peel onions with Romeo expression.

But I were too busy being a fire-detective to think of Wm. and his escape from love. Nearly each hour by clock-time Hon. Mrs. would come to me and talk underwriter language:

"You hear that smell of smoke?" she require.

It were nice, balmy evening of summer weather when Mrs. and Mr. Chas Hassock, neighborly persons of quiet fashion, was there to play bridge-gamble amidst society clothing. Hon. Mr. Fogg, medium gentleman with tame whiskers, were also there acting like a husband-man.

Bridge-card resume for several hours while those 4 persons sat there calling each other "Trumps" and other American insults.

O suddenly!! what was that my nose smelled? Inflammatory smell of fire!!

With ficed brain I recall what "First Ade to Fires" said about mad chimbleys, so I rosh silently to outside house to see how ours were behaving. O surely yes! Hon. Chimbley were shooting sparkles & pin-wheels from his enraged bricks!

What I do then? With immediate quickness, I rosh to dining room and grab 2 salt-sellers in my courageous thumbs. Making my toes extremely swift, I climb ladder to roof & scramble along shingles with care peculiar



I Pepper Considerable Salt Straight into the Face of That Mad Chimbley.

to Thos. Cats. Then, by heroic movements of wrists, I pepper considerable salt straight into the face of that mad Chimbley. Yet he still continue on making Vesuvius out of himself.

What next must I do? I think of that fire-volume which say, "Human folks must be saved before all other furniture."

So I scamper to bed-room, drag forth one complete blanket & sough him in wet water of bath-tub. With these blanket held in my firm knuckles, I ascended downstairs to parlor where Hon. Mrs. Fogg set in her elegant hair and considerable expensive face-powder calling Mrs. Hassock a "Renig" in bridge-language.

With wetness of blanket, I stand behind Hon. Mrs. Fogg.

"What for?" she holla when she seen me. But before anything else could collapse, I wound wet blanket round her head.

"Gog!" she report with strangely voice. Yet, before she could narrate more, I had dropped her forthly to fresh air.

"What is the meaning of this meanness?" require Hon. Fogg.

"Meaning of Fire!" I yellup. "Why do you stand there making speechless talks, when your home is sparking?"

At this oratory of words, everybody begin making hook-and-ladder movements. Hon. Fogg grab bird-cage and pair of tongs. Hon. Mrs. save 3 plush albums. Hon. Hassock attempt to remove sideboard, but it were nailed to floor. Hon. Mrs. Hassock rosh down street breaking fire-alarms out of telephone poles.

But I were more strong in my strength. With Samurai knuckles, I grasp cabinet full of cut-up glasswear and roll him down front steps to lawn. Loud crash! Thusly was valuable dishes saved from fire.

With deer-foot heels, I eloped upstairs to bed-room and begin pouring entire household out of window. Mattress, pitchers, rugs, etc., fell like Niagara falling. When I threw forth family water-color landscape representing the face of Aunt Nerissa Hodges, it make boomerang fly-off and struck on head of Hon. Fogg which went through. Too bad.

I were just in the heroism of poking brass bedstead through pane of glass, when Mrs. and Mr. Fogg escorted by Mrs. and Mr. Hassock and Hon. Hilda Katz, cook-lady, suddenly encroach into room and seize me.

"Platoon of brainless mind!" they all hiss like circular snakes. "Who inform you this house were blaze?"

"Did I not see Hon. Chimbley spitting rockets?" This from me.

"Sakes of shucks!" commute Hon. Hilda contemptibly. "That were not house-fire. That were merely me burning negligent love-letters in kitchen stove."

Groans by all.

"So my house are not afire!" report Hon. Mrs. for disappointment.

"So sorry!" I regret. In distant midnight I could hear rural horse-carriage approaching with gongs. "Maybe there was no fire, but this were very useful practice. Also I was enabled to show you the feed quality of my intelligence. If there had been some fire, I should put it out!"

"You have put nearly everything else out," say sorrowfully Hon. Mrs., looking outside to moonlight where the entire interior of her home lay scrambled on the lawn.

Hon. Fogg gangle with his teeth.

"Since you are so talented at putting things out," he suggest, "perhaps you can place yourself elsewhere with immediate rapidness."

I oblige. When next observed, I were setting in R. R. Station awaiting for morning train and feeling quite roasted.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

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THE PRESIDENT'S FLAG.

The United States has a special "President's flag," just as every nation has a special standard for its sovereign or head. The president's flag is carried at the main of naval vessels and on boats in which the president embarks. It consists of a blue background, in the center of which appears the seal of the United States. A new president's flag was unfurled over the White House when President Wilson was inaugurated, March 4, which shows on its blue background the American eagle grasping in its talons the symbol of peace and the weapons of war.

Having a Good Time.

"How do you like school, Johnny dear?"

"Fine! I licked two kids 'specially fer callin' me mamma's little darling."

Cornell Widow.

HANGING BOY WINS FIGHT WITH BUZZARD

Tormented to Frenzy and About Exhausted When Bird Gives Up Battle.

Santa Rosa, Cal.—A battle between a giant buzzard and a fifteen-year-old boy clinging to the root of a shrub 250 feet up a straight ledge of rock was won by the boy, who is now recovering from an experience that rivals Poe's fictional terrors.

The boy is Hans Mierbach and he hung high above a pile of jagged rocks for four hours. He was walking on the brink of a precipice when his foot slipped and he fell over. Twenty feet below he caught a root and hung on. With his hands and feet he tied his left wrist to the root and then wrote a note to a boy friend, bidding him farewell and saying that no one was responsible for his predicament.

Just as he finished writing a huge buzzard flew down upon him and started to peck at his head and body.



Was Tormented to a Frenzy.

The hungry bird inflicted deep wounds in the boy's flesh. Young Mierbach fought the buzzard with his free hand for over an hour. He had been tormented to a frenzy and was about exhausted when the bird gave up the fight.

At nightfall a searching party found the boy and rescued him. He had nearly lost consciousness from his experience and loss of blood.

INDIAN CAPTIVE IS FOUND

William Barnhart Sees Cousin Whose Mother Was Seized Seventy Years Ago.

Pendleton, Ore.—William Barnhart, a Umatilla Indian, returned home the other morning from Fort Hall reservation in Idaho, where he found the daughter of his aunt, whose mother was captured 70 years ago by the Bamcock Indians and held in slavery.

The woman was captured in the early forties on a camp of his father's between La Grande and Weiser. His father, whose name was also William Barnhart, escaped in the raid, but his father's mother and several relatives were killed and his father's sister was taken.

Young William Barnhart had often heard his father tell of the raid, and expressed a great desire to trace his aunt. Handicapped because of lack of familiarity with the Bamcock tongue, he finally found an interpreter.

After a three-day search, he ran across an old Indian, who informed him that his aunt had died 11 years ago, and that her daughter, Nannie Bell, was married and living on the reservation. Other Indians remembered the events of the capture of Nannie's mother.

ALWAYS CARRY A LOAF, MORAL OF THIS TALE

Canton.—When two holdups robbed Charles Sells here they overlooked a loaf of bread he was carrying and so missed getting a \$5 bill.

When Sells saw the two men loitering in his path, he thought they looked like highwaymen, so stuck the currency in the wrapping paper covering the bread.

He didn't have time to hide \$7 more, so they took that.

MAN'S ARMS LIFE-SAVING NET

Father Catches Eight Children as They Leap From Window of Burning Home.

Phillipsburg, N. J.—When John McNicholas, a night worker, returned to his home and found the lower floor burning, he ran through the flames and smoke to the bedrooms on the second floor and aroused his eight motherless children.

Lining the children up before a window, McNicholas first jumped out to the lawn and then each of the children jumped into his arms. He thus saved them all without injury.

The fire, which destroyed the McNicholas home, spread to two others, and did extensive damage. McNicholas owned his home, and its destruction will be a severe loss to him and his large family.

Tough One for the Judge.

Baltimore, Md.—If a man's wife answers him, is he justified in tearing the comb out of her rooster? Frank Taniewicz is being held until Judge Grech can settle the question. His wife charges that he mutilated their rooster to spite her after a quarrel.

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

All Business Has Boom at National Capital

WASHINGTON.—The capital of the nation today is facing an era of unprecedented prosperity, both from the standpoint of the business man, the government employee, and the average citizen, and has greater opportunities for commercial expansion than ever before.

Despite the preachings of the pessimist that the entry of the United States into the war would bring ruin to business in general, and untold hardships to the individual, all indications today are that such gloomy outlook is entirely unwarranted.

More money is being spent in Washington today than ever before in the history of the country; more money is being paid out here in salaries than ever before, and there are more people spending money here from other cities than ever before. For the world war is doing for Washington what history has shown all wars do for the capitals of the nation at war—it has attracted thousands of people to the capital and put many more thousands at work to carry on the vast business which war has brought to the various governmental departments.

Railroad officials report that since April 1 passenger traffic to Washington has increased at least 50 per cent over the usual normal at this time of the year. Every hotel in Washington is doing record-breaking business and reaping almost unimagined profits. Instead of an average of from 20 to 50 per cent of their rooms being empty, hotel men in Washington today are finding their buildings wholly inadequate to meet the demands upon them. Rooms are at a premium and at present there is no indication of a let-up.

Office buildings in Washington are filled to capacity, every available foot of space being occupied and on a paying basis. Several of the larger office buildings report that they are daily forced to turn prospective tenants away because of inability to provide space. Even old buildings which until quite recently have been almost entirely unoccupied, today are procuring all the tenants they can handle.

Youths of Capital Showing Eagerness to Enlist

ARMY and navy recruiting officers on duty at the various stations in Washington declared that the number of applicants and enlistments had picked up considerably. A rush of recruits is expected by those who prefer to enlist rather than wait and be drafted. More than a score of applicants were accepted for the different branches of service one day recently.

That there will be a material increase in interest, officers state, is indicated by the fact that a great many civilians are dropping in to talk over the matter and are incidentally stating that they much prefer enlisting to being conscripted into the service.

"Just as well do it now as have to do it later," was the way one of the newly accepted recruits expressed the philosophy of those who are too proud and have too much self-respect to wait to be drafted when the country is calling for men to fight Germany.

"The man who waits to be conscripted," he added, "ought to have a potent put over his uniform. As for me, I am joining the engineer corps and I hope we'll be the first troops sent across the pond."

Another recruit for the aviation corps was enlisted at the navy recruiting station, which fills vacancies in this branch of the service for the present. Lieutenant Morgan, in charge of the station, stated that vacancies exist for machinist mates. Troop B of the District National Guard, having reached war strength, is now encamped for a week's stay at the rifle range at Congress Heights. Their office was turned over to a recruiting detail from Troop A, of the District Guard, which is badly in need of additional recruits because 40 men from this organization alone have been designated for training at the Fort Myer officers' Reserve camp. LeRoy Herron made a practice march to the rifle range and pitched camp. The cavalrymen will be put through an arduous course of training.

Washington Has No Fear of Zeppelin Attacks

ALTHOUGH it would be a daring aviator who would attempt to cross the Atlantic for a night air attack on Washington, if some intrepid German Zeppelin commander should attempt the feat he will not find the capital unprepared. At least there are certain indications that precautions have been taken against a surprise visit.

Searchlights capable of penetrating high into the skies have recently been installed on tall buildings here and nightly they sweep the heavens as well as illuminate at intervals certain places that might be targets for attack. Whether anti-aircraft guns also have been placed in position to drive off possible raiders has not been revealed, but it is assumed that the protective measures are complete. It is regarded as significant that the searchlights made their appearance soon after the arrival of British and French officers familiar with the methods employed in London and Paris to keep off the "Zepps." Major Ross, one of the most efficient of British airmen, who is a member of the Balfour commission, is authority for the statement that it is no longer healthy for Zeppelins to attempt raids on either the English or French capitals.

Apparently American army and navy officials have little fear of a German air attack on American coast cities. They are confident of their ability to give any would-be invaders such a warm reception that an attempted attack would not be repeated.

Just Retribution That Overtook Arrogant Female

HE WASN'T a raggedy man, but he sure was shabby. And he had a stiff leg. A passing woman had dropped a small package, and the man, with some effort, picked it up and pegged on until he overtook her. Before he could get in a word, she snipped out that she had nothing for him. And that was all the thanks he got.

The man stood stock still. The humiliation had stunned him. No woman on earth—or man—should needlessly hurt another and get away with it. Retribution, of course, even sooner or later, but she apparently doesn't own an automobile, as by the time she shows up it is generally too late to fit the punishment to the crime. Which is why a plain soul, who had heard the woman, butted in. First, she said a word or two to the man. Then she took the package from him and flung it into a grassy place that sits back from the street.

Then she trailed fair lady—a pudgy, duck-legged mortal in fine clothes—as far as their road lay together—a matter of nearly five squares. Then she took a turn at conversation:

"You dropped a package, didn't you?"

The pudgy one received news of the disaster with gasps and ejaculations, lightened by the hope that the plain soul had picked it up.

"No, the man picked it up, but you insulted him before he had a chance to hand it over."

"Oh, my mercy! It's the lace and elastic! I didn't insult him; I just thought he was a beggar. Where is he? I wouldn't lose that lace for—"

"I don't know where the man is, but if you will hurry back to where you left him you will find your package on the grass—if it isn't gone."

It is hard lines to have to walk back five squares behind a duck-legged lady doing a marathon, just to get a yarn for your pad, but—one must buy gasoline.

TAKEN FROM EXCHANGES

The government of South Africa will establish a college of agriculture at Pretoria.

A patent has been granted to a Chicago man for a tennis racket press that also serves as a cover.

Electric bells lighted from a dry battery form animal heads on a recently patented snuff for women.

Spain is believed to have enough coal in undeveloped mines to supply the country for two centuries.

Shoulder braces are needed in Australia.

Brazil has prohibited the use of preservatives in almost all kinds of foods and beverages.

A new spirit level for use in dark places is equipped with a dry battery incandescent lamp.

Cabinets have been invented in which all but the heads of living chickens can be inclosed for fumigation.

Stomps apparatus in which a spring scale figure had been invented for testing the strength of nerve drivers.

IMITATION IS SINCEREST FLATTERY but like counterfeit money the imitator has not the worth of the original. Insist on "La Creole" Hair Dressing—it's the original. Darkens your hair in the natural way, but contains no dye. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Much Too Much.

We eat too much. We heat too much. We try too much to beat too much. We grow too much. We scowl too much. We play the midnight owl too much.

We ape too much. We gape too much, and dally with red tape too much. We treat too much, and cheat too much, and fear to face defeat too much.

We buy too much. We lie too much, and snivel and deny too much. We save too much, and slave too much, with one foot in the grave too much.

We sit too much. We spit too much, wear shoes too tight to fit too much. We mess too much and dress too much; in sixteen suits or less too much.

We spite too much. We fight too much and seek the great white light too much. We read too much. We speed too much, hit dead ends and use the wheel too much. We drink too much. We drink too much. I think we even think too much.—Oscar Schleff, in Health Culture.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

The Old Standard Groves' Tasteless Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

Explained.

"Father, will you kindly enlighten me as to the meaning of the expression 'financial flurry'?" asked the boy who had had a highbrow streak in his makeup.

"Certainly, son," answered his sire, "a financial flurry is the condition your mother is in when there is a bill collector at the door and she can't find her purse."

"Woman's CROWNING GLORY" is her hair. If yours is streaked with ugly, grizzly, gray hairs, use "La Creole" Hair Dressing and change it in the natural way. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

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FOUR WEEKS IN HOSPITAL

No Relief—Mrs. Brown Finally Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Cleveland, Ohio.—"For years I suffered so sometimes it seemed as though I could not stand it any longer. It was all in my lower organs. At times I could hardly walk, for if I stepped on a little stone I would almost faint. One day I did faint and my husband was sent for and the doctor came. I was taken to the hospital and stayed four weeks but when I came home I would faint just the same and had the same pains."

A friend who is a nurse asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I began taking it that very day for I was suffering a great deal. It has already done me more good than the hospital. To anyone who is suffering as I was my advice is to stop in the first drug-store and get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before you go home. —Mrs. W. C. Brown, 2844 W. 12th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

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